Mountain Breezes

Class PS2356

Book M5M6

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

GEORGE L. McDERMOTT, M. D.

Mountain Breezes

Selections from the
Poems of

GEORGE L. McDERMOTT, M. D.

Written in the shadow of the Mountains and
breathing the spirit of the West.

THE WAHLGREEN PUBLISHING CO.
DENVER, COLO.

PS2356
.M5M6

Copyright 1911
By G. L. McDermott

$1.25

©CLA300873
No. 1

Dedication

This volume is dedicated to my children, with the thought that they may find in its lines that which may help them shape their lives, so each may one day say, "I have received much from the world; I have given more."

--Author.

I've watched the stream that trickles down
E'en from life's very fountain.
I've heard the roar where waters pour
O'er rocks, on life's bleak mountain;
I've searched the pool, where eddies whirl,
And in the depths there found the pearl.

Contents

	Page
Sunny Colorado	5
Down on the Rio Grande	6
Sleep	8
The Canyon	9
School Days	10
Answer	11
Life's Mirror	12
End of the Day	13
Smile	13
The Rockies	14
To Your Birthday	14
A Mother's Love	15
Colorado Sunset	15
My Ship	16
The Bluebird	16
Cheyenne Mountain	17
Along Life's Path	18
The Lark	19
To the Giver	19
Reverie	20
Old Friends	21
Dawn	21
Advice	22
To the Stork	22
My Garden	23
Friendship's Flower	23
Inspiration Point	24
To Eva	25
A Toast	25
Wild Birds	26
The Heart Doth Tell	26
Bucking Broncho	27
Arizona	28
Contentment	30
Make Friends	31
Our Dog	32
Faith	32
Sunrise from Pike's Peak	33
Our Girl	34
Our Boy	35
What is the Harvest?	36

Page
The Sweetest Name 36
The Desert 37
The White Hillside 38
Called to Bloom Above 39
Hope 39
At Forty 40
The Plowman 41
The Great Divide 42
Looking Backward 43
Thinking 44
Kindness 45
Our Baby 46
The Cowboy's Grave 47
Flowers 48
Speak Kindly 49
Indian Cupid 50
Castles 51
Mexican Joe 52
Charity 55
The Cave 56
Wasted Lives 57
The Brook 58
Then and Now 59
The Suicide 60
The Thrush 60
Dying Year 61
Learn Thou 62
A Dream 66
Farm Troubles 67
Do It Now 68
The Miner 69
Love 70
Coyotes 71
Life's Stages 72
The Cowboy 73
Drooping Blossoms 74
That Boy 75
Spring 76
The Lone Pine 77
Infinity 78
The Tenderfoot 79
Deep in the Heart 80
Irish Philosophy 81
Buckskin Dan 82

Sunny Colorado

LIKE a gem I found her lying,
Where the morning sunbeams flying,
Touched each spire and mountain pillar,
Turning all to gold;
In my heart a newborn pleasure
Grew and overflowed its measure,
For I saw here nature's beauty,
That never can grow old.

Nestling, like a sweet wild flower,
Still unfolding, hour by hour,
Each new petal, richer, fairer,
Than the one before;
Heaven warmed the sweet, pure air,
That comes to you like a prayer,
Soothing, helping, blest with sunshine,
Giving hope once more.

Where the streams, like silver flowing,
Where the mountain breezes blowing,
Freighted with the breath of blossom,
Heaven's gifts to swell;
Here there is a joy in living,
Nature here is ever giving
From her bounty rich in plenty,
Here I long to dwell.

Down on the Rio Grande

MET him in New Mexico,
A grayhaired, quaint old man,
With wrinkled brow, though kindly face
Well covered o'er with tan;
With clear blue eyes, that still did hold
The fearlessness he knew of old.

The West he saw in early day,
The Redman in his prime;
When camp fires burned on wooded hills,
To mark their gathering time;
When plots were rife, and arrows flew,
So silently, but Oh, so true.

He had seen the buffalo in herds
Sweep o'er the level plain;
And now he thinks of bygone days
That ne'er will come again;
The herds he knew, long since have fled,
Their bones across the plains are spread.

Each valley holds for him a tale,
Each hill is holy ground;
For there, he points with trembling hand,
To many a lowly mound;
And thinks about some comrade true,
That in the early days he knew.

He showed the scars of many a fray,
When blood ran warm and free,
And man forgot his brother man
Might not his color be;
For then, the Red and White did know
The other only as a foe.

A strange old man, he seemed to me,
Whose sands were ebbing fast;
And, in him I would try to read
The record of the past;
For in the past his thoughts did dwell,
'Mid scenes he knew and loved so well.

He seemed a milestone on the way,
To me, a passer by;
A page of early history,
Whose ink had long been dry;
A type left o'er from other days,
When life was shaped in sterner ways.

He told about the trackless waste,
He found long years before;
Of Indian wars, and outlaw bands,
He knew, in days of yore;
It stirried his heart to tell about
The pony's dash, the Indian shout.

He told about old Santa Fe,
And how the trail led on;
And of a pretty Spanish maid,
The daughter of a Don;
Who lived down on the Rio Grande,
And how he strove to win her hand.

He told about the old ox trains,
With canvas covers white;
And how, when Indian bands drew near,
Of duels they did fight;
And sometime 'twas the arrow won,
But often 'twas the white man's gun.

Of damsels, taken in the night,
When all the camp did sleep;
Of mothers, at the dawning hour,
Who then did sorely weep;
Of fierce encounters, hand to hand,
To save them from the Indian band.

Of men who knew no thought of fear,
But only pleasure found
In hurrying where danger lay,
When duty's note did sound;
And, when the danger past and o'er,
To ride away and hunt for more.

The old man's eyes did dance with joy,
As he lived the old days o'er;
And I left him, with a heart now full
Of memories sweet of yore;
Of the free wild life, and the beauty's hand,
He loved, down on the Rio Grande.

Sleep

WHEN you're all tired out, and your bones just ache,
And you feel if you move there will something break;
Then you creep into bed and you lay your head
On a nice soft pillow and you can't keep awake;
And you think, as you sink into shadows deep
What a glorious thing is a chance to sleep.

The Canyon

THOSE giant walls of pictured rock,
Have filled my heart with wonder;
And as I dream I see again
That mountain rent asunder,
The dizzy height, the trailing vine,
The gentle breezes blowing;
The fragrance of the balmy pine
That in each cleft is growing.

And now again the noisy stream
Comes dashing o'er the boulder
That juts out from the torrent's bed
Like some old giant's shoulder;
While through the air the jeweled spray
Like sunbeam darts is flying,
And with the wild flowers' glad array
For beauty's prize seems vieing.

What tales those broken rocks doth tell
Of time in earth's fair morning
When nature spread her virgin sod,
The hills and dales adorning;
Of seas upturned, of countries lost,
Of mountains rent and broken,
Like changing shapes of crystal frost;
Of other times a token.

The beauty of that wondrous place
That knows not breadth or measure,
Will ever come to fill my dreams
And heart with purest pleasure,
A beauty that is ever young
Unmindful of time's changes,
Refreshing as the mountain snow,
That lies upon the ranges.

School Days

I'M sitting alone this evening and thinking of
days long fled,
I've hunted up old Father Time and this to him
I said:
Reverse your wheels, and let me drift back to
the long ago,
When I boy I went to the old brick school
That I in youth did know.

It stood as kind of a landmark built by our
fathers all,
And time's rude hand had left its trace on chim-
ney, roof and wall;
But each mark left by that aged seer holds
memories dear to me,
For years ago in that old brick school I learned
my A B C.

And again I see the old schoolroom with maps
upon the wall,
The rows of little hoods and caps that hung out
in the hall;
Again I hear the merry shouts of children at
their play,
And like an echo brings me back my own dear
childhood's day.

Oh, memory, sweet memory, bridge back each
changing year;
Bring back again those childhood days so full of
wholesome cheer;
The only boon that I will ask is just one glad-
dened hour,
That I may now those scenes arrange, beneath
your magic power.

Then I'll paint a memory picture to hang in
memory's hall,
Of the old brick school I loved so well, with its
cracked and battered wall;
And in the years to come, I know 'twill bring me
peace and joy
To think of the happy days I spent in the old
school when a boy.

Answer

WHAT if the years have drifted by!
And what if your hair is gray!
The same old clock still hangs on high
You knew in your childhood's day
The same old clock, with its quaint tick-tock,
Still counting the hours away.

What if your face is lined and thin!
And what if your step is slow!
It has little to do with the heart within,
To lessen sweet friendship's glow,
The shadows of night give the embers a light,
The noonday can never know.

What if fortune passed you by!
And you heard not the call of fame;
If the beauty of nature has charmed your eye,
And your record is free from blame,
You have won in the race, for naught can efface
The wealth of an honored name.

Life's Mirror

IT'S a pretty good world, this old ball of clay,
With its bright sunny sky; its birds and its flowers,
With plenty for all as we go on our way;
Enough to last on through our few fleeting hours,
And the key to the pleasures that to us are sent
Lies just at our hand—it is known as content.

Go out to the mountain, the valley or stream,
And list to the tales that nature doth tell;
Or lie in her lap and in ecstasy dream
Where a brook laughs its way through some flowery dell
And the note that makes vibrant and happy the ear
Is an echo of hearts overflowing with cheer.

The world is the same—as it ever has been;
It does what it can to make happy our day,
And it differs as when through our tears it is seen,
Or again when our hearts are happy and gay,
Like a mirror reflecting our lives ever new,
The lenses are ours to adjust each our view.

End of the Day

TWILIGHT deepens on the plains,
Shadows creep along;
Just enough of light remains
For the birds' last song;
Hear the tinkle of the bells;
Flocks are drawing near,
Gathering about the wells;
Evening is here.

Quiet settles round about,
Shadows all gone by;
Little stars come peeping out
From their home on high.
Peace arrayed in somber hue,
Stretches forth her hand,
Shades the last dim light from view,
Night creeps o'er the land.

Smile

WHEN you've got the blues and the road seems rough,
And fortune has left you in a huff,
You meet some one with a happy smile
And you walk together a little while,
And you notice as you stroll along,
The birds break into a cheerful song,
And flowers are blooming bright and fair,
And a note of gladness fills the air,
That you had not felt for the longest while
'Till you met that one with a happy smile.

The Rockies

GIANT peaks, rock-bound and grand,
That rise from fields of green,
Like sentinels you ever stand,
To guard the treasure nature planned,
In vales that lie between;
Your garments old, are seamed with gold,
As fits a western queen.

Your brow is crowned with clouds and snow
And at your feet the flowers
Look upward through the sunlit glow,
To babbling brooklets where they flow,
In answer to the showers;
And through the trees, the mountain breeze
Sings through the passing hours.

I love your peaks of summer snow,
I love your canyons deep,
Where shadows wander to and fro,
And wild flowers find a place to grow,
And clinging ivies creep;
Your rugged art has won my heart,
And there a place will keep.

To Your Birthday

ADDING a petal year by year,
To life's unfolding flower,
May friendship sweet, like fragrance cling,
To leaf and branch and gladness bring,
To fill each golden hour.

A Mother's Love

A WONDROUS thing is a mother's heart
A temple of beauty rare;
Built of love, from realms above,
With a cornerstone of prayer;
And could you unfold its walls of gold,
It's filled with tenderest care.

What a blessing it is, a shrine like this,
In a world where care is rife;
When the heart oppressed may here find rest,
Away from troubled strife;
And here renewed, by hope imbued,
May start again in life.

A mother's love is the golden link
That bridges the thinning air;
To that home on high, beyond the sky,
Where all is bright and fair,
For that which gives birth to the joys of earth,
Unlocks the temples there.

Colorado Sunset

BANKS of roses, yellow and red,
Shot with purple and gold,
Trellaced all on a torquois wall,
Where angels await the mystic call,
The shades of night to unfold.

My Ship

OUT on the billowy ocean,
My good ship is coming to me;
Freighted with treasure, with joy and with pleasure,
And riches from over the sea.

Each morn I am anxiously watching
For a sight of that promising sail,
Though the winds now are veering,
Hope ever is steering,
My ship, that must come without fail.

So I'm watching and wishing and waiting,
For the ship that my treasure doth hold;
And the thought lights the way,
Clear across the great bay,
To the harbor of jewels and gold.

The Bluebird

PRETTY little bluebird, on your airy wing,
How I love to watch you, love to hear you sing;
Often have I wondered why it was but two
Caught the glow of heaven—the violet and you.

Some day, little bluebird, when I'm growing old,
When the winter of my life makes me feel the cold,
Will you then come to me, bring me love so true,
Bring me thoughts of heaven, with your coat so blue?

Cheyenne Mountain

DID you ever stand on a mountain grand?
Up under a clear blue sky,
Above the earth, where streams have birth,
And laugh as they ripple by;
Where the crisp dry air has a fragrance rare,
That comes to you like old wine,
And your being is filled and your heart is thrilled,
By a joy you can't define.

There you dream and think where the wild deer drink
And the brown bear ambles by;
And the eagle soars, where the water roars,
That falls o'er the crags on high.
The world below is a passing show
That lives but a puny day;
But the beauty found on this wondrous mound
Is destined to last for aye.

There's a glad wild charm that knows no harm,
In the life on the mountain wild;
Where the endless breeze sings through the trees
With the voice of a happy child,
And it tells of a life, where joy is rife,
So free from earthly care;
That those below can never know
'Till they breathe the mountain air.

Along Life's Path

THERE'S a path that leads over the foot of the hill
To a place where the buttercups grow;
There's a stream that runs down from the old silent mill,
Where oft as a boy I did go;
There's a deep shady nook by the side of the brook
That I knew in the old long ago.

And oft did I sit by the side of the stream,
When school and its trials were o'er,
And I pictured the world in a kind of a dream,
Like a child, with its blocks on the floor;
And the brook laughed in glee, when my plans it did see,
As I fashioned my craft on the shore.

And when all was ready, I pushed boldly out,
After saying a loving farewell;
And the stream caught my bark and tossed it about,
And as each rushing wave broke and fell,
I thought of the hours I spent 'mongst the flowers,
Where the stream laughed its way through the dell.

And now, as I watch by the side of the sea,
For ships coming in from afar,
I see some go by with sails blowing free,
And some seared with many a scar;
But all now would steer where the waters are clear,
For they think of the home harbor bar.

The Lark

I HEARD the lark at early morn,
Greeting the rising sun,
When dew was fresh on leaf and thorn,
And day had just begun;
I heard him pour his rich, round voice,
From out the blue above;
Making the earth and air rejoice
With the fullness of his love.

Again I heard as shades of night
Were hiding the earth away,
The same glad notes of wild delight,
That welcomed the budding day;
When all the birds had gone to sleep,
And petals soft did close,
'Twas then he sang with feeling deep
His good-night to the rose.

Oh, thou who greets the day with song,
And cheers the evening hours,
'Till shadows gather deep and long,
And darken woodland bowers,
You must have gone on airy wing,
Up to the heavens blue;
And heard the songs the angels sing,
And brought them back with you.

To the Giver

THINK not your gifts must priceless be,
Rich gems, or treasured art;
For kindly words, like songs of birds,
Will cheer the saddest heart.

Reverie

I STOOD on the bank of the stream of life,
And watched its waters flow;
And mirrored there were pictures rare,
Of days of long ago.

I saw life's silver morn again,
I saw life's golden noon,
And all the hours of joy and pain,
And youth that fled so soon.

There some of the waves were pure and clear
And reflected the blue above,
And some were broken and darkly drear,
And spoke not of light or love.

Angry and dark and merry and gay,
What a medley of song and strife,
The ripples broke and melted away,
Then formed with a newer life.

I watched this stream as it rippled past
'Till lost in an endless sea;
From a tiny thread, 'till the very last.
It merged in eternity.

Then I closed my eyes and turned away,
But the picture did not depart;
For what I saw in the stream that day,
Reflected my inmost heart.

Old Friends

I'VE been back home just a visiting,
Where I grew up when a boy,
I had sort of set my heart on the trip,
And knew I would enjoy
A shaking hands with old neighbors,
For you see, I knew them all.
But I'm sorry I went, for the memory
Hangs o'er me like a pall.

The town hadn't changed an awful lot,
But what's the town to me?
'Twas the people, I was thinking of!
And them's who I went to see;
But they've most all gone since I left there,
Not moved away, you know;
They're there—but I didn't see them,
I guess I have been too slow.

I'd been planning the trip for Oh, so long,
And the years kept slipping by;
And now I know that I was wrong,
I could have gone if I did but try;
And I would so liked to have seen them all,
And I hope in the world to be,
They'll be waiting there with hands outstretched
To sort of welcome me.

Dawn

OPALS and pearls, on a web of gold;
Is the robe of the morning sprite,
With taper aglow from the stars' last ray,
She touches the golden orb of day,
And floods the world with light.

Advice

SAYS Uncle Bill, when you grow up,
Just buy yourself a farm;
There's something in the country ways
That gives to life a charm;
Your crops are growing, while you sleep,
And want can never frown;
And Uncle Bill, he ought to know,
He always lived in town.

Says Uncle Dave, when you grow up,
Just learn to keep a store,
With not a thing to do all day,
But stand around the floor,
With people bringing in the cash,
And all so snug and warm,
And Uncle Dave, he ought to know,
He lives out on a farm.

To the Stork

THERE'S a flutter of wings and an angel's smile,
And heaven has opened her portals the while,
To drop a seed to the earth below,
To bud, to blossom and sweetly grow,
To brighten the lives and hearts of men,
And then to return to heaven again.

My Garden

I PLANTED a garden in early spring,
When the sun was bright and warm,
Where wild birds came, their songs to sing,
And honey bees did swarm,
And I sowed my seed with a lavish hand,
'Neath the power of the season's charm.

The sun shone down as it can in June;
And with it came gentle showers;
To the music of the wild birds' tune,
That rang through the sunlit hours.
My plants came forth, from their little beds,
But not all that came were flowers.

For, I did not know, in the planting day—
Or it may be, I did not heed—
That a garden but reflects the way
We select our early seed.
But I somehow love my flowers the more,
For their contact with the weed.

Friendship's Flower

FRIENDSHIP is a blossom fair,
That in the heart doth dwell;
Each kindly thought that enters there,
Its germ of life doth swell;
The seed that yields this wondrous flower,
Is dropped from heaven above,
And in its fragrance lies the power
That rules our truest love.

Inspiration Point

THERE'S a part of the range where the hill's gentle slope
Paints a scene that no pen can define;
Where sunshine and shade, marking highlights, have made
A picture that's almost divine;
And you wait here to see fairy sprites sporting free
'Neath the far-reaching spread of the pine.

It is here that the heart that for beauty doth yearn,
Breathes a sigh of the fondest content,
Where the blue sky above, like a mirror of love,
With the hills and the valleys is blent;
And the air is o'erfilled with a balm that's distilled
From the pine and the wild rose's scent.

Every moment that comes in this wonderful place,
New shadows are cast on the screen;
'Till the mind cannot share half the beauty that's there,
And you long for the end of the scene,
That your o'erflowing heart may keep some little part
Of that vision of shimmering green.

To Eva

I MET her one night, at the bend of the stair,
A vision in pink, with dark fluffy hair;
The lights burning low, caught the color's warm
glow,
Revealing a beauty, surpassingly fair.

I saw her again, as she came down the aisle
Of the old parish church, with the same happy
smile,
The organ's tone low, seemed in beauty to grow,
As she knelt in devotion to pray there the while.

We've walked hand in hand through the rough
days and fair,
'Till the first frost of winter has sprinkled my
hair;
Though the embers burn low in the rich after-
glow,
I still see the beauty I met on the stair.

A Toast

HERE'S to the friends of olden days!
And here's to those we're greeting!
For olden days had golden ways,
To teach the heart each meeting,
May but begin a friendship dear,
To last on, on through many a year.

Wild Birds

I LOVE the songs of the wild birds
That come to us in spring;
There's a sound of cheer in each note so clear,
In the messages they bring.
I love to see them come and go
On light and gladsome wing;

To see them in the summer,
Each with a mate so true,
While silver notes from fluted throats,
Ring out the long day through.
They give to life a greater charm,
To earth, a richer hue.

I love them in the springtime,
And when they build the nest,
But the little brood in the shady wood,
Is what I love the best;
With the mother bird a-futtering near,
With the love that fills her breast.

The Heart Doth Tell

THEY say that a woman is as old as she looks,
And a man is as old as he feels;
But this I know, that youth will endure
As long as the heart keeps young and pure,
And naught but love reveals;
The rose yields a fragrance, far more rare,
As time through its petals steals.

Bucking Broncho

AND I'll give a peck of silver fine
To the one who can ride that hoss;
Now don't you try, you're a friend of mine!
And I tell you he's mighty cross;
He's the ornerest brute that ever wore
A tail, or a wooden head;
And don't you go to acting sore,
If you happen to come back dead.

He's a pretty beast, and I like his grit,
But I want to tell you, pard,
He isn't the easiest thing to sit,
And you'll land so awful hard;
And when you spread your anatomy
Over a rock-strewn sod,
You won't have a word for charity,
Not even a thought of God.

I sometimes hear what a city youth
Would do to that grey cayuse,
And the way he handles the sacred truth
Is past all known abuse.
Say! I know there ain't one in the pack
That with me can compare,
And I wouldn't leave my hat on the back
Of the ornery brute out there.

Arizona

OUT where cactus with its prickles,
Dot the landscape, far and near,
Where the sand-flea gently tickles,
Those who care to linger here;
Where the only kind of shade is
The protection of your hat,
And the air that's fresh from hades,
Filters idly under that.
Where the clouds, if e'er they gather,
Have no thought of gentle rain,
And the native there would rather
Loaf, than think of earthly gain.

Here I found myself one summer,
Lost, would be a better word;
For the weather was a hummer,
Fit for neither beast, or bird,
Hot, at morning past all naming,
Hotter, through the growing day,
Till at noon, it's simply flaming,
And the earth burned brown and gray,
Acts just like a big reflector,
Gives you back a double share,
If there's a breath, you' can't detect her,
In that caldron glowing there.

Truthful men, and here you find them,
Tell of fishes in the stream,
Leaving trails of dust behind them,
"This is not an idle dream;"
When the day is gently waning,
And the sun is getting low,

Seemed as if the heat were gaining,
Like a sort of after glow;
People seem of good intention,
Till someone says, "Ain't it hot?"
Then the papers simply mention,
That a tenderfoot was shot.

Here at first I used to wonder,
Why each one strapped on a gun,
Later on I ceased to ponder,
When I saw the good it done.
When the shades of night were falling,
And I longed for restful sleep,
Came the coyotes, gently calling
For their friends, a date to keep,
Then at last, the goddess slumber
Wraps me in its warm embrace,
Something comes with feet a number,
Gentle creeping o'er my face.

Then, I cried out for a Savior!
While I jumped like startled steed,
Someone curses my behavior,
Says it's just a centipede.
Then some talk in simple language,
'Bout the trouble that I gave,
While my heart, o'erfilled with anguish,
Thinks about a new-made grave.
Thoughts of sleep have now gone flying,
With the country, I am through,
While my perspiration's drying,
I will catch the first train due.

Contentment

A FROG once lived in a shady pool,
Where his home was covered by big green leaves
Of the water lily, fresh and cool,
And the frog was taught and still believes
The nearer nature he would keep,
The greater happiness he would reap.

So, he started in as a pollywog,
In the shade of the water lily's bud;
And he grew into a regular frog;
Where he knew the water and knew the mud,
And he loved it all in his frog-like way,
The water cool and the lily gay.

At morn he watched the sun get up,
'Till it filled his home with its beauteous light;
And while his luncheon he did sup,
The sunbeams played with the lily white,
And when the shades of eve did fall,
He would sit and list to the whipperwill's call.

Then when the night would settle down,
And all the birds had gone to bed;
He would change his green and yellow gown
For his darker robes, and lay his head
On the breast of a water lily white,
And sleep and dream throughout the night.

And oft in a dream, that frog would see
A vision of some distant place,
A palace grand, or perhaps 'twould be
The meeting of great ones, face, to face,
Things that were rich and rare and grand,
Almost too great to understand.

But, when he had watched each wondrous thing,
For a little while, the thought he found,
A something, with a hollow ring,
He would judge the metal by the sound;
For the artificial could not ring true,
And though but a frog, all this he knew.

Then he loved his home pond all the more.
The waters cool and the lily white,
Where he could sit on the mossy shore,
And dream and sleep, in the white moonlight;
Where everything breathed of nature love,
From the lily white to the stars above.

So he spent his days in the shady pool,
And knew not of the world and its strife,
To him it was fond nature's school,
Where he learned the lesson that shaped his life,
To be satisfied with what you own,
Whether frog in a pool or king on a throne.

Make Friends

MAKE friends as you go,
While the summer's aglow;
For the winter will come,
And the cold winds will blow,
And the friends of the spring,
And the memories they bring,
Will be the rich harvest
From seed that you sow.

Our Dog

HE was only a dog, like any small dog,
With a queer little look in his eye,
Part merry and glad, part lonely and sad,
And part, just a little bit shy;
But any one'd love this wee little dog,
I'll tell you the reason why.

This wee little dog, who is only a dog,
Has a language, that's almost an art;
And his wants never fail, for with his wee tail
He wig-wags them straight to your heart;
And he talks every language in this simple way,
With only his tail taking part.

We meet many friends, as we go on our way,
But I'll wager, there's only a few,
Who from day to day, with no thought of pay,
Will be ever as kind and as true
As our little dog, who is only a dog,
For he is a friend through and through.

Faith

STARS that guide us on our way,
O'er life's uncertain sea;
Pointing the path that day by day,
Winds toward the lea;
Where ships are moored and crews find rest,
In God's eternity.

Sunrise from Pike's Peak

THERE'S a blush of gray, in the east away,
With an edging round of gold;
A surging of color, bright and gay,
With a shower of rubies in glad array,
And the night is gone, and behold! the day!
Its petals soft, unfold.

Like a heaven-born flower, the dawning hour
Has painted the eastern sky!
And beauty has lavished her wondrous power
In building of sunbeams a gorgeous tower,
'Till it bursts, in a molten, flaming, shower,
To blend with the blue on high.

A wonderful sight, is the dawning bright,
When seen from this grand old pile;
To watch the peaks, on left and right,
As they catch the glint of the morning light,
'Tis truly a beautiful, glorious sight,
Where heaven itself doth smile.

Our Girl

THE fairest rose that beauty knows,
With loving, dark brown eyes;
A mouth as sweet as things we meet
When we dream of paradise;
That's what we have at our house!
Just dropped down from the skies.

This blossom fair, has dark brown hair,
And when it's all a-curl,
You would hunt for hours amongst the flowers,
For a sweeter than our girl!
We've a jewel over at our house,
A blend of rose and pearl.

And when at night, with eyes closed tight,
After her prayers are said,
While our darling's asleep, may angels keep
Their watch around her bed.
May their blessings remain at our house,
Around her curly head.

Our Boy

I BOUGHT some boots with tops so red,
For my cunning little boy;
His heart for days on the thought had fed,
Of those nice new boots with tops so red,
This funny little boy;
For he said that never a man he'd be,
Without those boots clear up to his knee,
And of course his logic I could see,
This cunning little boy.

I bought some boots with tops so red,
For my cunning little boy,
They were meant for his feet, but that leather red
Has taken my place in that little boy's head,
And won my little boy;
But I guess a brand new jumping jack,
Or some candy and nuts done up in a sack,
Will help to bring my little boy back,
This cunning little boy.

What is the Harvest

WHAT have you gathered on life's highway?
Oh, you, with your wealth of years.
Have you gathered smiles and laughter gay?
Or have you gathered tears?
Have you strip't the chaff from a wholesome laugh,
'Till naught but the grain appears?

And what have you now from your many years
That you spent on life's highway?
Are your memories now of smiles or tears?
Is your heart now sad or gay?
The grain is a care that you cannot share,
While the chaff would be gold today.

The Sweetest Name

AN ANGEL whispered to the rose,
The sweetest word he knew;
'Twas borne from heaven, as petals close,
And gently falls the dew;
And left to sleep where perfume forms,
And honey filters through.

And early, at the dawning hour,
When wakes each little bird;
I hastened to that opening flower,
To catch that mystic word;
The petals whispered, "mother,"
'Twas all the sound I heard.

The Desert

A BARREN land where rocks and sand
Stretch out in dismal waste,
As though fair nature stay'd her hand,
Or passed it by in haste.
A land so drear that none come near
Its fevered breath to taste.

A land whose air holds naught that's fair,
But stagnates in the sun.
No foot of traveler wanders there,
And even wild things shun;
The only life that there is rife
Is where the lizards run.

Its cruel sands like death's grim hands
Hold many a whitened bone,
Of those who stray'd from fairer lands
To die out there alone;
For there the cost of being lost
Is a grave without a stone.

The White Hillside

IT'S cold tonight on the white hillside,
Where our loved ones sleep in their narrow beds
And the wind through the frozen branches sigh
A mournful requiem o'er their heads.
We sit around our warm hearthstone
And think of those who were once our own.

It's bitter enough when the birds and flowers
Make the hillside bright with their welcome cheer,
But now I count the lonely hours;
I think of those on the hillside drear,
And many a mother's heart, I know,
Goes out to the hillside 'neath the snow.

It's cold tonight where the snow lies deep,
But it's warm in the loving smiles of God,
And the angels who come for our own asleep
Have little thought of the snowclad sod,
For they bear them away on wings of love
To the beautiful mansions of joy above.

Called to Bloom Above

A GARDENER tended his flowers fair,
With a joy that was tinged with pride,
For he thought what have I but my buds and flowers,
To cheer my life in my lonely hours,
Naught else in the world beside.

And one was a sweet-faced violet fair,
With eyes of a heavenly blue,
That reflected the joys of the angels above,
And the sweet low cooing of the dove
Was the voice of this blossom true.

But one dark day there came a cloud
That shaded the sun's bright ray,
And an angel came while the light was dim
And took the sweet blossom back to Him
Who had loaned it but for a day.

Hope

THOUGH the moon be hid by darkling clouds,
And you see no guiding star,
With never a mark on the ocean dark,
To point the harbor bar;
Just look above and the breath of love
Will drive the clouds away;
And the troubles of night will fade with the light
That marks the coming day.
The sweet-faced flower, at the dawning hour,
Takes color of richest hue;
And the flower of the heart, with joy will start,
If the light but shines for you.

At Forty

AND what do you think of it all, Bill?
The hustle and bustle and grind:
You're forty years old this fall, Bill,
You've left forty summers behind.
And what do you think of it all, Bill?
The hustle and bustle and grind.

Is life what you thought it would be, Bill?
When you formed your plans as a youth?
Is it all you would wish to see, Bill?
Is it filled with beauty and truth?
Is life what you thought it would be, Bill?
When you formed your plans as a youth?

Now ain't it an honest fact, Bill,
That life is just what we build?
Made up of each little act, Bill,
'Till our measure of time is filled?
Now ain't it an honest fact, Bill,
That life is just what we build?

The Plowman

AT dawning of the budding day,
When leaf and branch empearled
With sparkling dew, and wild birds come
To wake the sleeping world,
The plowman goes with honest face
To greet the rising sun,
And in his heart he feels the joy
Of day that's just begun.

And see, as o'er the field he treads,
With steady step and slow,
He turns the weeds and briars down
That golden grain may grow.
And when the shades of evening come
To give the rest he needs,
He thinks about a blossom lost
That mingled with the weeds;

And when the dew and breath of heaven
Has come to bless his yield,
And in the fullness of his heart,
He views the harvest field,
He feels the joy that comes to him
Who in the spring's warm mould
Has sowed the seed that now comes forth
To bless a hundred-fold.

The Great Divide

SEE yonder trail! that leads away,
Toward the setting sun;
Across the prairie, brown and gray,
Then on through valleys, bright and gay,
Where once the Redman held full sway,
And wild deer had their run.

Across the foothills rugged slope
It takes its wandering course,
Through canyons deep, whose rocky walls
Point upward, where the eagle calls;
Across the cliff, where waterfalls
Crash down in pondrous force,

It winds up o'er the mountain high,
On, on through forests deep;
Where mountain breezes ever blow,
The fragrance from the flowers below.
And wild things wander to and fro,
And clinging ivies creep.

It leads away past giant rocks,
Up, where the stunted pine
Looks o'er a waste of barren land,
But nature here, with lavish hand,
Has strewn the earth with golden sand.
That men may delve and mine.

And here the trail is everywhere;
"For 'tis the story, old,"
That man was ever quick to go,
Through mountain torrent, ice and snow,
And even to the realms below,
If there he might find gold.

But let us take the trail again,
For, see; it starts anew;
On up, past yonder rocky spire,
That now the sun has touched with fire,
You almost wait to hear the choir
Of heaven. so grand the view.

Now ever upwards leads the trail,
Across the mountain side;
Until, at last, you proudly stand
Upon the arch that nature spanned,
Across a country rich and grand,
This is the Great Divide.

Looking Backward

PLEASANT memories ever gather
Round the spot where, but a boy,
I chased the butterflies of pleasure
And not one grain of alloy
Ever marred the golden sunshine
Of those bright and happy hours,
As I wandered through the meadows,
Or through shady woodland bowers.

And today, in looking backward,
I can see a lowly cot,
Each mark left by time's rude tracings
Weaves a halo round the spot;
I would give all earthly treasure
Could I but return, once more,
To boyhood's joys that knew no measure,
Playing round that cottage door.

Thinking

WHEN the shades of night are falling,
When the lights are burning low,
When the whipperwill is calling,
Where the fireflies softly glow;
It is then that fancy, creeping,
Weaves her mystic, magic, spell,
Stirs the shadows, fondly sleeping,
In the depths of memory's well.

Leads me from the man-made city,
With its rattle, rush and roar,
Where the sacred name of pity
Is heard there now never more,
Out where wild flowers sweetly growing,
Weaves a carpet o'er the sod,
And their fragrance, upward blowing,
Breathes the holy name of God.

Takes me out where fields of clover,
Lend their fragrance to the air,
Where the honey bee flies over
With the sweets he gathered there,
Where the birds are ever singing
In the soft and dewey morn,
And their merry voices ringing
Tells where happiness was born.

Takes me down through leafy bowers,
To the shady fishing pool,
Where I spent such happy hours
As I loitered home from school;
Out where lambs are gayly playing,
In the sunlit, verdant field,
Out where harvest now is swaying
'Neath the fullness of its yield.

Takes me to a cottage lowly,
Nestled on a shady hill,
Here a feeling almost holy
Thrills me at that weathered sill;
Then I hear the hinges creaking
As I open wide the door,
Hear my mother fondly speaking
To me, as in days of yore.

Here I linger, loth to wander
From that home of childhood days,
In the gloaming there I ponder
On life's ever changing ways,
And my heart grows young, while thinking,
Of those scenes I loved so well;
While in fancy I am drinking
From the sweets of memory's well.

Kindness

WHEN all seems dark and dreary,
And grief, your heart bows down,
When you're sad and lone and weary,
And you see but the world's fierce frown;
Then, some one whispers "deary,"
And your tatters give way to a crown.

When the troubles of life are pressing,
And you feel they will never end,
A kind word comes like a blessing,
And you learn the sweet name of friend,
Then Hope, with a hand carressing,
Her richest gifts will send.

Our Baby

APPLE blossoms, sweet and fair,
By angels fixed in place;
With roguish dimples here and there,
And silky threads of golden hair;
Half hid by bits of lace,
And happy is the summer air,
To kiss his darling face.

And see his eyes are open now!
A shade of heaven's blue,
Wild violets may wonder how
He got those orbs, they won't allow
Such gifts for me or you;
I guess they came to kiss his brow,
And left behind just two.

And if you'd see our baby smile,
I'm sure you would agree
That earth was fairer there the while,
And sweeter far life's weary mile,
For naught can brighter be
Than life, to those, who free from guile
Love blessed infancy.

The Cowboy's Grave

THEY laid him away, beside the trail,
Deep in his lonely bed;
Where the coyote will howl,
And the grizzly growl,
And the stealthy mountain cat will prowl
Over his lowly head;
But why should he care?
He's at home out there,
Where his cattle oft have fed.

They laid him away, when all was fair,
At the foot of the mountain tall,
Where the wind will blow
And the winter snow
Fill the mountain gorge, where the stream will flow,
When the sun shines over all,
But why should he care?
He's at home out there,
Whether it's spring or fall.

They laid him away, but the One who watched
The little sparrow fall,
Has marked the spot
And forgets it not,
And will call him from his lowly cot,
At the final roundup call;
When account of stock,
Of his earthly flock
Will be viewed by the Shepherd of all.

Flowers

ONCE I walked where happy June
Reared her choicest, sweetest flowers;
Where fond nature's rich perfume
Filled the golden, sunlit hours,
There I saw each pretty flower
As it nodded on its stalk,
Making glad the summer hour
For me, as I chanced to walk,
Breathing in the fragrant air,
Of their perfume, rich and rare.

Little buds, just peeping through,
Lids, that opened to the day;
Taking now their first wee view,
Of a world so bright and gay,
Wondering what their place may be,
'Mongst so many pretty flowers.
But, from what I now can see,
They'll have many happy hours;
Little buds, I wish you well,
Soon your story you may tell.

There the rose of blushing hue,
Color rich and warm and red,
Seemed to nod a how-de-do,
As it shook its saucy head;
Seemed that its one happy duty,
While it spent its too short hours,
Was to fill the world with beauty,
Queen of beauty, queen of flowers,
All so happy they did seem,
It was like a summer dream.

There the rose of yesterday,
Stands apart, with head bowed down,
Beauty, now has passed away,
Petals scattered on the ground,
But the life that made it fair,
Was not lost e'en at its death,
For we find its fragrance rare,
In the opening bud's first breath;
Life, that's pure, don't pass away,
But lives to bless each coming day.

Buds and flowers and fading tree,
You, my fondest love doth share,
For without you life would be
Stript of much that's sweet and fair;
I love the bud, for what 'twill be,
I love the beauteous, blowing rose,
And in the fading leaf I see
A halo fair, to mark life's close,
Like one who leaves in peace with all,
Smiles softly, as the angels call.

Speak Kindly

THE dew that comes to the fading flower
Brings hope of a better day.
Kind words are more than wealth and power
To help us on our way.
And, like the pearl of sparkling dew
That cheers the petals brown,
Each kindly word brings life anew
To hearts by grief bow'd down.

Indian Cupid

OUT upon the western prairie,
Lived an Indian maid,
With heart as light as sunbeams airy,
Face of dusky shade,
Daughter of the western land,
With spirit unafraid.

To this maid a youth came wooing,
In the autumn brown;
Like a dove, his love tale cooing,
Does the maiden frown?
Not, when Cupid sets a heart,
In love's golden crown.

Cupid on the western prairie,
Learned to use his bow;
Shooting at each dusky fairy,
In the long ago;
When a brave had set his love mark
On some heart aglow.

When the summer fair was coming,
And the scented air
Murmured with the busy humming
'Mongst the blossoms there,
This young brave built him a teepee
For his love to share.

Joyously were tom toms ringing,
On their wedding day,
Gayly were the children singing,
Dressed in glad array;
Proudly did that happy red man
Lead his bride away.

Here we draw the deerskin curtain,
Leave them for a while;
With a feeling fondly certain
She will ever smile;
For they are fair nature's children,
Free from every guile.

Castles

I BUILT a castle of beauty rare,
In a garden where roses bloom;
There were wondrous halls
With marble walls,
And many a sunlit room,
But I built my castle on shifting sands,
And it proved for my hopes, a tomb.

I planted a rose tree with tender care,
And watched, with a lover's eye,
For the little buds to blossom fair,
But the petals were faded and dry;
For the soil was of chalk,
And my sweet, young flower
Lived only to droop and die.

There is many a wish that will ne'er come true,
But the pleasure of hoping is ours;
There is many a bud that is fair to view,
That we'll not find among the flowers.
But the thought that is bourn on the wings of hope,
Is from heaven's highest towers.

Mexican Joe

WE rode one day from Faywood,
Mexican Joe and I,
And down the slope did our ponies lope,
Over the sun-baked prairies dry;
For this was down where fields are brown,
In the season of July.

Then round past Table mountain,
On, through the city of rocks,
Where coyotes sleep in the shadows deep,
And dream of the fattening flocks;
And the rythmic beat of our ponies' feet
Rang out like living clocks.

For this was the day allotted,
For Mexican Joe and I,
To ride to the crest of Eagles' Nest,
Where mountain meets the sky;
Where snow and clouds, like somber shrouds,
Still wrap the peaks on high.

For Joe had often confided,
His story I should know,
Of the dark-eyed maid, of dusky shade,
He loved in the long ago;
And how she did lie, on the mountain high,
Up there in the sun's bright glow.

Then on to the Membres river,
We would follow that narrow stream
To its home in the hills, where mountain rills
Awake from their winter's dream;
And the summer snow gives back the glow
Of the sun's eternal gleam.

We rode through the cool of the morning ,
  Into the heat of the day,
Past boulders grand, that ever stand,
  Like sentinels in gray;
And on the right, all capped in white,
  The mountains rolled away.

We rode through darkling canyons,
  Whose rocky caverns deep,
Shut out from sight the sun's bright light,
  Where sightless insects creep;
And from the walls the night bird calls,
  When roused from its noonday sleep.

Then ever now ascending,
  O'er many a broken trail,
We left the pine at timber line,
  "For verdure here doth fail!"
Above the snow, the sun's bright glow,
  Hung like a silver veil.

Then Joe turned in his saddle
  And pointed off to the right,
To where a stone rose all alone,
  While a sad tear dimmed his sight;
She lies out there, my beauty fair,
  Beneath that stone so white.

And when he had knelt in silence,
  Out there on the mountain side,
With tearstained eyes raised to the skies,
  While I my own did hide;
He kissed the ground of the lowly mound
  With reverence and pride.

"You see," and this was his story,
"I loved her as a child;
And every hill and babbling rill
That flows down the mountain, wild,
Knew of our love 'till the heavens above,
Like a fond mother, smiled.

"And like a bud in springtime,
I watched each leaf unfold,
So pure and sweet, with a heart that beat
As true as mountain gold;
And a spirit fair, as light as air
That never can grow old.

"And oft we did ride together,
Up here at the foot of the snow,
And she would say, in her child-like way,
Now promise me, my Joe,
If I should die, you'll let me lie
Up here, in the sun's bright glow.

"And we were to marry in springtime,
The day had long been set;
And I must go to El Paso,
Some furnishings to get;
She said good-bye, with tearstained eye,
While mine with tears were wet.

"And the day of my returning,
She saddled her pony small,
And rode away, at the dawn of day,
Way up on that rocky wall,
Where she could see the whole country,
And watch for my signal call.

"And here is where we found her,
Up here in the sun's bright glow,
And how she did fall from the rocky wall,
I never, now, may know;
But near the edge was a broken ledge,
And partly hid by the snow.

"And like a frost in springtime,
When petals soft unfold,
This cruel frost, at awful cost,
Had touched her heart of gold,
And called my love up there above,
Where blossoms know no cold.

"And here is where we laid her,
Right here at the foot of the snow,
For she did say, in that bygone day,
Now promise me, my Joe,
If I should die, you'll let me lie
Up here in the sun's bright glow."

Charity

FAIR is the rose, in early spring,
When touched by the dews of morn;
But pick it not, for just beneath,
Awaits that cruel thorn;
Wise nature, with her bounteous hand,
And heart so full of love,
Has covered the thorn and its piercing point
By placing the rose above,
So as your way through life you go,
Where e'er a fault you see,
Just cover it with a rose of love,
And heaven your reward will be.

The Cave

YOU walk where giant walls
Shut out the sun's bright light,
To where an ever deepening gloom
Leads on to endless night;

Through rocky caverns deep,
You wander on alone,
And view, by the aid of a taper bright,
This miracle of stone.

Of stone are the rugged walls,
Of stone the soundless floor,
And stone the vaulted arch above,
With jewels crusted o'er.

The sun that laughed through the showers,
Of a thousand years ago,
Has filtered through these walls of rock
And lost none of its glow.

A thousand, thousand years,
Has modeled this house of stone,
And the weight of it all is on you
As you wander there alone.

Alone in the depths of the earth,
Where all the ages sleep,
And you read in the crystal stalactites,
The records that they keep;

And when from this temple grand
You go back to the sunlit air,
You've a deeper reverence for the hand
That wrought those wonders there.

Wasted Lives

I STOOD in the old churchyard one night,
Where the bones of loved ones lay,
And heard the voice, in the fading light,
Of a soul that had passed away.
And the voice came o'er and hovered near
A grave just newly made;
I stood transfixed by an awful fear,
And I list to that troubled shade.
Oh, the earth is dark, and the earth is cold,
For that body I loved so well,
No sun's bright ray, but damp and mould,
Now visits your lonely cell.
Oh, where is the name, and where is the fame,
You planned in your earthly day?
Oh, why did you give not a thought to me,
That I must live on for aye.
There was sadness in that spirit voice,
There was hopeless, dark despair,
'Twas tinged by the things that might have been,
'Twas a wail on the midnight air;
'Twas the voice of the soul, of a wasted life;
Reviewing its time from birth,
For alone it would reap the harvest now
From seed that was sown on earth.

The Brook

TELL me, little babbling brook,
As you ripple by,
Of the shady, grassy nook,
On the mountain high;
Where you once did sport in glee,
Before you ran away,
The great wide country for to see
And there forget your play.

Tell me of the scenes you view,
As you run along,
Through a country ever new,
Singing there your song;
Do you of the old times think,
Where the lilies sleep,
When you reach the very brink
Of some awful leap?

Do you, when you see ahead
Rocks that bar the way,
Loiter there within your bed,
Downcast with dismay?
Or do you gather up your force
And hurl the rocks afar,
That nothing may obstruct your course.
Naught your progress bar?

When you meet another stream,
Then what do you do?
Glide along and idly dream,
When there's work for two?
Do you take your honest share
Of what fate may send,
Smilingly the burdens bear
To the very end?

Whisper back, Oh, babbling brook,
From that land away,
Since you've seen the world's great book,
Is your heart still gay?
Are you weary of the race?
Would you now be free?
Are you ready for your place
In the endless sea?

Then and Now

IF I were a man, said the budding youth,
A wondrous man I'd be;
I'd travel the great world o'er and o'er,
And sail on the stormy sea,
I'd write my name in the book of fame,
And live in history.

If I were a youth, the graybeard said,
About my mother's knee,
I'd care not a snap for the great wide world,
Or a fig for the rolling sea;
But spend my hours amongst the flowers,
And live contentedly.

If I were a man, the youth replied,
But soon a man was he,
And he traveled the great world o'er and o'er,
And sailed the stormy sea;
And he then understood the greybeard's mood
When he talked of his mother's knee.

The Suicide

SO Bill blew out his brains!
That's what the paper said;
But that just explains
That Bill is dead!
The thing that I would like to know,
And cannot quite see through,
Is how this Mr. So-and-So
Took this view?
For I've known Bill for many a year,
Ever since he came to the plains,
And I can swear by all that's dear,
That Bill never had any brains.

The Thrush

I HEARD the thrush so sweetly sing,
A serenade to his fair mate;
As by he passed, on airy wing,
From bush to bush, down by the gate.

He told a tale of love so true,
In every note that sounded clear;
A love that thrilled him through and through,
Making his every note more dear.

And, as he sang his pleasing lay,
His mate did fashion well the nest,
That lent the pleasure to their day,
And marked their happiness as blest.

He sang throughout the summer fair,
'Till little throats his notes did swell,
And then it seemed there sounded there
A note of thanks, that all was well

Dying Year

I WALKED through the autumn fields one day,
'Twas late in the lingering fall,
The clouds hung low, in the vaulted way,
And the sun shone not at all;
Nature in grief had sought relief,
By spreading her gloom o'er all.

I thought of the spring, with scented breath,
Whose breezes soft and warm,
Were wooing the sweet flowers back from death,
Away from winter's harm,
Of birds that sing, as they do in spring,
All neath the sun's bright charm.

I thought of the summer, all in bloom,
With color rich and grand,
The red rose, bathed in sweet perfume,
And gladness on every hand;
Where a thousand notes from a thousand throats
Lent cheer to the happy land.

Then my thoughts returned to that dismal day,
More dreary than before,
And I wondered if all would end that way,
No sunshine, as of yore.
A white shroud spread over the earth's fair bed,
And sadness ever more.

Then from out the changing sky
A ray of light shone clear,
And the breezes whispered as they past by,
We will bring you another year,
With birds and flowers and sunlit hours,
And my heart was filled with cheer.

Learn Thou

THE golden orb that brings to us the day
Adds yesterday to the forgotten years;
No span is there, the past is gone for aye,
With all its wealth of hope, its smiles and tears.

The morrow, like a bud formed in the night,
May open to a sweet and fragrant flower,
Or at the quickening dawn a lurking blight,
Destroy its beauty fair within the hour.

The flowers of yesterday are faded now and gone,
And those that bloom no morrow e'er may see;
For buds that sipped the dew of early dawn,
Are hung ere night in mourning drapery.

The sun that glints the early morning wave,
Sees not the sail it left at yestereve;
Nor does it show the deep and soundless grave,
Or mourning hearts that now must wait and grieve.

Nor hope, once brighter than the star,
Or pleasure, planned for some far distant day;
It lights instead, a floating broken spar,
And bits of wreckage strewn across the bay.

Each crested wave flings back the golden light,
'Till all the sea is decked with jeweled foam;
Nor thinks it of the storm of yesternight,
That sent the mariner to his last long home.

When all reflects the beauty of the sky,
And earth's fair morning fills with happy light,
With young life's precious current pulsing high,
Why cloud the soul with visions of the night?

I cannot well go back the path I came,
The way is on, and on I take my way;
But all uncertain, it is like a game,
Where children strive in vain to learn to play.

And yet, 'tis clear that nature strives to please,
If I could only teach my erring hand;
To grasp aright the ever waiting keys
That open to the treasure for me planned.

I know the bud that opens to the rose,
Is happy, spreading perfume through its day,
And knows not of December's winter snows,
Its soul is linked with summer and with May.

The bird that builds its nest in early spring,
Thinks little of the ending of the year;
It only knows it has a voice to sing,
And gives the world its wealth of wholesome cheer.

But many paths are here that I may take,
And one is dark and dim and one is bright;
And I, like one just roused from sleep to wake,
Take that which first attracts my troubled sight,

I hear the birds sing sweetly up above,
They speak of woodland cool and meadow fair;
They tell of joy, of happiness, and love,
I crave it all, and plan their wings to snare.

To catch and keep, these songsters, I engage,
To have for aye this warbling, happy throng;
But scarcely had I fixed them in their cage,
When they forgot their soul inspiring song.

The rose tree, blooming fair just at my hand,
I reached and plucked a fragrant beauty, rare;
When, lo, a breeze that wandered o'er the land,
Scattered all that I had held, so fair.

And stumbling over treasure in my haste,
Like groping mole that knows no gift of sight,
I leave the riches hid beneath the waste,
I leave the day, and wander in the night.

And not until the sun was in the west,
And life's long shadows beckoned me to go,
Did I take thought, to pause a while and rest,
And learn the things that I in youth should know.

That wild birds sing because their hearts are free,
Their song is but a prayer of love and joy,
That flowers fade, when taken from the tree,
And leave the thorn our spirit to annoy.

That that which at a distance seemed most fair,
Is ever just a little farther on,
Is ever in the field of over there,
That leads away toward the setting sun.

We plan and sow and count our future gain,
And when at length the harvest day comes round,
We find that weeds have mingled with the grain,
We did not choose with care the planting ground.

And oft I've watched the little humming bee,
Gather the sweets, as I would fain have done,
But learned too late, it kissed each flower free,
And took a lover's forfeit and was gone.

The fault was mine, for I was not content,
To sip the honey with the little bee;
I missed the sweets in useless time I spent
In longing for the root, the branch, the tree.

For if the thorn did not protect the rose,
And I would gather all that I might bear,
I'd find but drying leaves as life did close,
With naught of all their fragrant beauty, rare.

And, as the last rays of the setting sun
Held back the shades of night for yet an hour,
I thought if life had only now begun
I'd try and learn from some fair little flower.

To take what nature gives with generous hand,
And in return give back a thousand fold,
Like baser metals taken from the sand,
Give up their wealth of richest, purest gold.

And when the day was lost in shadows deep,
And leaves are sear, and brown, and petals fall;
Contented, I would lay me down to sleep,
To waken when the angels gently call.

A Dream

I DRIFTED back along time's path,
Leaving for the while,
The busy world, with all its rush,
Retraced then, mile by mile,
The stream of life unto its source,
In the very long ago,
When earth was young and man was not
By death so soon laid low;
When Father Time walked leisurely
Throughout the goodly land,
And used his fateful sickle
With a far more sparing hand.
I chanced to meet this aged myth,
With beard so long and hoary,
And on his arm there hung a scythe,
The symbol of this glory.
"Tell me, good Father Time," I asked,
"A tale of years now ended;
A tale of time that's past and gone,
Wherein was ever blended
Joy and sorrow, peace and strife—
In short a tale of your own life."
He looked me over carefully,
In a queer and scanning way,
And, leaning on his scythe the while,
This to me did say:
"It was written years ago
That man may read and learn;
That time and tide it waiteth not
While the lamp of life doth burn,
And for the taking of my time,
Your life must forfeit be."

He whetted up that awful blade,
That was meant for me;
Then, raising it above his head,
He, with one sweeping stroke,
Would have carried out his threat—
But just then I awoke.

Farm Troubles

THE summer sun, it shineth,
Where the lowing herd reclineth,
In the meadow, where it slopes toward the lea;
The spotted calf doth amble
Through the stubble and the bramble,
While its mother chews her quid contentedly;
The pigs are in the clover,
And the farmer's dog, good Rover,
Scares those fat and saucy porkers most to death;
The horses now are prancing,
Where the summer sun is glancing,
And the young colts follow after out of breath.
The farmer gayly planteth,
While his good wife sorely ranteth
At the chickens as they busily do scratch,
And she thinketh while she's ranting,
There is little use of planting,
Unless she keeps their footprints off the patch,
The farmer now is mowing,
And he's thinking while he's going,
That he surely must add to his golden store,
For his boys are all at college
And will gather enough knowledge
To spend all he can make and maybe more.

Do It Now

DON'T wait 'till you're old to enjoy the wealth,
That providence throws your way;
For the reaper grim, with fiendish stealth,
Will rob you of all by taking your health,
Leaving you broken and gray;
A roast loses much that the heart enjoys
When your teeth succumb to decay.

Don't wait for the world to make you smile;
If you do, you will ever frown;
There's enough of cheer in every mile
To bear you along if you laugh the while,
And all your troubles drown;
For laughter will chase the blues away
Like wind the thistle down.

Don't wait 'till you're rich, for an automobile,
If you do you will never ride;
If you've only the price of a second-hand wheel,
Get it and be out, while the red blood you feel
Is flowing at fullest tide;
You won't think much of a burst of speed
When time has your feet well tied.

And why should you wait when all you've got
Is a few short, hurrying years?
And do what you may, some little spot
Will be dark and left where love comes not,
And drenched by sorrow's tears;
Just live while you may and be satisfied
And let sunshine drown your fears.

The Miner

A MINER, with a miner's heart,
Worked on the mountain key,
And his nights were filled with dreams of gold,
And his days with poverty;
For he was a miner through and through,
And lived on hope, as miners do.

Way up on the side of a mountain high,
He lived there all alone,
In a kind of a hut, he called a house,
That he built of mud and stone;
But his heart was light, for he saw each night
A palace that faded with the light.

And here he cooked his frugal meals,
With hands both hard and brown;
And went each day, with the certain thought
That before the sun went down,
He would find the vein he long had sought,
But the night would come, and the gold come not.

The years slipped by, as years will do.
While the miner worked away,
And wrinkles came to deck his brow,
And his hair showed streaks of gray;
But his miner's heart was young and light,
'Twas filled with the gold, almost in sight.

And one day, as the evening sun
Was painting the distant west,
I found him there, all cold and still,
In that home he loved the best;
And a smile had come, as his spirit passed:
He had found a golden land at last.

Love

LOVE is a thing of beauty,
Love is a thought sublime,
Paving the path of duty
With flowers from a heaven-kissed clime.

Love builds a home in the forest;
Love makes the warrior, bold;
Throughout the earth, beginning at birth,
Love rules the young and old.

Love cheers the heart of the lowly,
Brightens the palace grand;
When sands are ebbing slowly,
Soothes with a tender hand.

Love binds the youth and maiden
With chains of sweet flowers wrought,
Love lights the soul to heaven's high goal,
After the battle is fought.

Coyotes

LIKE streaks of gray they fade away,
Across the level plains,
To leave behind a baffled wind,
Through which, like narrow lanes,
Are paths of void, where heat destroyed
What little air remains.

You raise your gun and shoot for fun,
As the bullet speeds away,
It echoes back, I'm on the track
Of that silent streak of gray,
But to get in sight of the pesky wight,
I'll need another day.

It's the only thing on earth's great ring,
That the hand above has made,
That will ever run, beneath the sun,
Without casting a trace of shade;
For a shadow would find 'twould be miles behind,
Unless tied to the fur-trimmed jade.

Life's Stages

I SAW her one day, with cheeks so red,
And eyes a heavenly blue;
With golden curls, on her pretty head,
When all of her world was new.

I met her again, as a girl at school,
Her hair still down in a curl;
She carried her pencil, book and rule;
A beautiful, sunny girl.

Again we met, at a party grand,
Now she is a lady, tall,
With suitors there, on every hand;
She reigned the queen of the ball.

I saw her today, and life's winter snow
Had sprinkled her thinning hair,
But her face still shone with the after glow
Of the sunshine that once was there.

The Cowboy

A SUNDYED face, with just a trace
Of fun in a daring eye;
A big felt hat, a red cravat,
And top boots mounting high;
With leather chaps, held on by straps,
And a spur on each high built heel;
A rolling gait that would be a mate
For a ship without a keel.

In this western land, a good strong hand
That can throw a lariat right,
Or lead a dance, or take a chance
In a game or a friendly fight;
That can make you feel with its grip of steel,
You're a welcome, honored guest;
It's all you need, "with a little feed,"
On the prairies of the west.

The cowboy ain't quite a halo'd saint,
But this I want to say:
He's the kind of a friend who'll stick to the end,
No matter how goes the fray;
With a great big heart, that fills every part
Of the space beneath his vest;
Though he wears the clothes the cowboy knows,
He's a prince of the golden west.

Drooping Blossoms

SHE seemed such a pale little, frail little tot,
As she lay on her snow white bed,
For her dear little face had lost every trace
Of color that health had once shed;
And we felt that the angel was calling her low,
While her mother sobbed fondly, "You cannot go."

She had been such a near little, dear little child,
And we all grew to love her so well;
And now she lay there like a wild blossom, fair,
That was touched by the frost in the dell;
And we prayed that the angel would leave her a while,
That we all might enjoy her sweet baby smile.

And see, on that rare little, fair little face,
Is a change we can all understand,
And the mother bends low as she catches that glow,
And kisses a dear little hand;
And her fond, loving heart is again filled with cheer,
While the angel smiles softly while hovering near.

That Boy

HERE, Bill, is that boy I was telling about,
Now don't you think he is grand?
He's as sharp as a tack, see him looking about,
And, Bill, he can almost stand;
Just look at his eyes, he knows me all right,
See him watch me wherever I go;
And eat! say, Bill, he just eats a sight,
But, of course, it ain't victuals, you know.

Now, ain't he the cutest you ever did see?
I know what you're going to say,
He ain't just as big as he's going to be,
But he's growing a lot every day;
He beats every youngster that I know, a mile,
Now, ain't he the best ever yet?
And, Bill, let let his grin soften into a smile,
And answered softly, "You bet!"

Spring

OH, who would say there is no God!
When earth is warm with spring,
With wild flowers peeping from the sod,
Where wild birds gaily sing;
When buds are bursting into blow,
With color soft and warm;
And all about the sun's bright glow,
To add to earth's great charm.

Oh, who would not be happy here?
When leaf, and branch, and tree,
Are welcoming the fair new year
With picture melody;
With velvet carpets on the fields,
So sweet, with morning dew;
When all the best that nature yields
Is waiting here for you.

The Lone Pine

STANDING alone on the mountain,
With your feet in the purling brook,
That trickles away from the fountain,
Way up in a shady nook,
You stand out there, in the crisp, dry air,
Like a leaf from nature's book.

What stories of time do you treasure,
Away in your rugged form,
Of days that were filled with pleasure,
When earth was bright and warm,
Of the darkened sky, when winds rushed by,
And your head was bowed by the storm,

And though you alone now are standing,
You still lift your head to the sky,
And the shade from your branches expanding,
Proves a blessing to each passer by,
Like a message of love from the fountain above,
When all else is parched and dry.

Infinity

OH, wondrous space in which the planets roll,
Each in its own predestined course;
Each a part of that celestial whole,
Propelled by some unseen mystic force;
I stop and gaze at thy immensity,
Comparing only with eternity.

Had I a loom of great and wondrous power,
And finest texture from the Indian shore,
And start to weave within the hour,
And work and plan for ever more,
Using all the beauties that wealth might bring,
I could not imitate thy fields, oh, spring.

Had I the craft of some great master hand,
And colors blended by a fairy sprite,
I'd watch the silver morn creep o'er the land;
I'd watch the golden shadows of the night;
And try and learn at least a little part
Of thy great secret—the coloring art.

And thus I stand, in wonderment and awe,
And view thy changes, as thy seasons roll;
Each part so perfect, not one little flaw
To mar the symmetry of thy wondrous whole;
One thing I see, in this great plan,
All is useful to the wants of man.

The Tenderfoot

AND what keeps that tenderfoot awake?
Why don't he go to sleep?
He says that a little rattlesnake
Did into his blankets creep;
Well, the way these city folks put on,
Is enough to make one weep.

And what did he say to the cook last night,
That his thumb got into the tea?
Well, if I was there, there would be a fight
If he talked that way to me.
If the stuff was hot, 'twas the cook that got
The worst of the deal, not he.

And really, his gun a smile would bring;
I told the gay young lout
That if he ever shot me with the thing,
And I happened to find it out,
I'd be so mad that I just couldn't help
Inviting him into a bout.

When I cash in and quit the range,
And reach that heavenly shore,
And find him there in that land so strange,
It's me for the earth once more;
But I'm sure St. Peter wouldn't let
That fellow past the door.

Deep in the Heart

DEEP in the heart of each mortal
Is planted a little seed;
One blooms at heaven's portal,
And one brings forth a weed;
And the stream of life, with each is rife,
Our every thought and deed.

Deep in the heart of each mortal
Is fought an endless fight,
And viewed from heaven's portal,
Is judged if wrong or right;
For the weed would be a blossom fair,
And the flower would yield to a blight.

Deep in the heart of each mortal,
As shadows round us close;
And nearing heaven's portal
Each heart inclines to the rose,
Then the weed and thorn, in new life born,
Seeks rest in heaven's repose.

Irish Philosophy

I'VE had a lot of trouble in my forty years and more,
But the worst I've had, they never come at all.
I've been building up the future till my mind and heart are sore,
And before I have it built, sure it does fall.

For troubles are like bubbles: they are smaller than they look;
And they float away upon the sunlit air.
We are children being frightened by the pictures in a book,
When we should be finding gems ahidden there.

I've had a lot of pleasure in my forty years and more;
There's been a smile to balance every tear.
For the angry waves that dash upon the troubled ocean's shore
Leaves there a pearl to rob me of my fear.

For pleasure is a treasure that the human heart doth hold,
The world is but a playground to us all;
We may wander in the sunshine, or in the winter's cold,
It's in the heart that lives the spring and fall.

Buckskin Dan

'TIS of a time when the map of the West
Was blank right up to the Rockies' crest,
I'm writing;
And man was judged by the way he rode,
Or if he a white feather show'd
While fighting;
And here where Denver proudly stands,
Was just a stretch of prairie lands,
So sunny;
And houses were the crudest shacks,
And streets were only wagon tracks,
So funny.

I boarded a coach of the overland mail,
That was going West on the mountain trail,
One morning,
When spring had hung her banners out
And nature was the hills about
Adorning;
I rode outside with the driver bold,
A man whose heart was purest gold
And fury,
Who told me, with a modest grin,
That he was raised in a town back in
Missouri.

I would like to tell of that wondrous man
The natives knew as Buckskin Dan,
But, thunder!
He was more to me than a man that day,
He bore the heart of the blue and gray,
A wonder.

There's something about a gentleman
That clothes don't change, or coat of tan
Quite cover—
A something deep within the soul,
That sets a radiance o'er the whole
To hover.

We left the town and started West;
A wild bird by the road her nest
Was building,
A fragrance filled the morning air,
And sunbeams tipped each blossom fair
With gilding;
The driver in a cheery way,
His tales of many a bygone day
Confiding,
And in my heart I felt the joy
That comes to any healthy boy
While riding.

We had gone about ten miles or so;
The wild flowers here were all aglow.
Near Golden,
A sort of little shanty town,
And standing 'round a hunter brown
And olden
Were gathered quite a group of men,
And here we learned that once again
The Redmen
Had found a camp the night before
And marked the trail with deeds of gore
And dead men.

We listened to those angry men
Tell of their friends up in the glen
So lonely,

And only one in all that band
Seemed ready there to raise a hand—
He only,
Sat there beside me, whistling low
A nursery tune I used to know,
Reminding
When joy and happiness that twain
Had never thought of trouble's skein
Unwinding.

And then up spoke that driver bold,
With a voice that through the foothills rolled,
Undaunted,
"If you are men, why stand you here?
With faces blanched and hearts with fear
Now haunted,
Because that murderous Indian band
Has dared again to show its hand
So fearful?
Think of the trail that must reach across
To loved ones that now know a loss
So tearful.

"As for me, I am driving the mail
That I've sworn to carry without fail
Or waiting,
And I will either go clear through
Or you may be some story new
Relating."
Then turning, on his duty bent,
He gave the lash a crack that sent
Us flying
On, on to where the night before
A dozen men lay drenched in gore
And dying.

And as we reached the timber ground
He turned a little way around,
And, handing
The reins to me in offhand way,
Said, "I will let you drive today."
Then standing
With one foot on that bag of mail
He had sworn to carry without fail,
He shouted,
With a cheery voice, to those panting nags,
And a word to me to avoid the crags,
Nor doubted

His leading team of foaming bays,
Or yet the sturdier pair of grays—
Just waited,
With pistol gripped in either hand;
He seemed a man born to command,
Just fated.
We rounded a boulder jutting out—
Will I ever forget that fiendish shout
That started
The echo's flying far and near.
There was no time for waiting here
Half-hearted.

For from the rocks and many a tree,
The arrows on the breezes free
Came flying,
With Dan, the buckskin knight of old,
Whose aim was true as his heart was bold,
Replying;
And every time he reached his mark
And from the rocks a warrior dark
Came falling,

I heard him murmur, "That's one more
To help to settle last night's score
That's calling."

It seemed an age, those moments short,
For I was young at this new sport
Of blazing
The way for civilization's train,
And as I sat with whirling brain,
Just gazing,
I heard the voice of that man of steel,
As o'er the rocks a brave did keel,
"I got him—
The leader of this band of gore;
I heard him curse the whites before
I shot him."

The leader gone, that bloody band
Were now content to stay their hand,
And started
So silently to leave the spot,
And we with just one farewell shot
Departed.
And now, though years have rolled away,
Yet ever comes that awful day
Of fighting,
And in my mind I see the man
The people knew as Buckskin Dan,
While writing.

DEC 7 1911

One copy del. to Cat. Div.
DEC 7 1915

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 762 706 5